Society Drama with the Richest Surroundings Underlined for the Grand.

The Park Theater Is to Have a Play Made Popular by Gus Williams-Attractions at the Eden Musee-Notes of the Stage.

A high-class dramatic attraction of unusual interest will be seen at the Grand the latter part of this week, in "The Tigress." The play is a dramatization of Mr. Ramsey Morris's sensational novel, "Crucify Her," which has recently achieved such wide-spread popularity. Mr. Morris was for several years the leading man at the Madison-square Theater and is both a writer and actor of note. The dramitization of this novel is said to be a stage work of very great strength and unusual originality. He and Miss Selena Fetter, an actress well known here, are starring jointly in the play. This is Miss Fetter's first legitimate and regularly appointed appearance as a star. Her varied experience for the past four years as leading lady for Robson and Crane, is well remembered. She is a lady of unusually attractive appearance, and an actress of fine powers of expression. In the supporting company are such well-known people as Miss Blanche Weaver, Miss Nellie Taylor, Miss Mina Freeth, Miss Frances Gaunt, Miss Kate Grey, Mr. Frank Karrington, Eugene Sanger, George Bailey, Charles Jehlinger, Edgar Willis, George F. Hill and others. The scene of "The Tigress" is laid at Monte Carlo and Paris, and the time is the present. The high life that invests the narrative necessarily calls for the work elaborate costumings and appointments. One of the former is a costly tiger-skip dress worn by Miss Fetter. The special music that is introduced throughout the play, was written for it by Mr. W. W. Furst, the well-known orchestral director, of New York. The advance sale of seats for "The Tigress" will begin at the box-office of the Grand, Tuesday morning, at 9 o'clock, and an unusual demend may be anticipated because of the excellence of the attraction.

The Park will have the most elaborate and expensive attraction of the season, this week, in Edward J. Hassan's big production of the wellknown comedy drama, "One of the Finest." The play is the one in which Gus Williams starred for several seasons. Mr. Hassan has added several very attractive features to it. Chief among these is a North river scene in the fourth act. The tank used is described as the largest ever introduced upon any stage. Luigi Sorchi, the hero of the Nile, who is said to be the champion swimmer of the world, performs marvelous feats in the water. On the pier a variety show is given, while the boats are glid-ing by on the river and bathers diving and swimming in it. The company numbers twenty-two people, who have been carefully selected. Mr. Edwin M. Ryan, a well-known dialect comedian, plays the leading part, that of John Mishler, the policeman. The piece will be put on the stage with new scenery and effects throughout, and a number of original specialties and other attractive features are introduced. The company has been playing to very large business in all the principal cities, and is likely to here, as the advance sale is already large. The engagement will begin with the matines to-morrow afternoon and continue all week, at regular prices.

The new Eden Musee, under the Park Theater, will begin its regular season to-morrow, and hereafter there will be new attractions there every week, and an entirely new stage show. Among those announced for this week are Admiral Dot, Barnum's little man; Prof. Angelo, the successful bird trainer and performer, whose birds do various entertaining things; Mlle. Fatima, the Circassian Princess; Miss Nora Wren, who is twenty-four years old, twenty-six inches high, and weighs but sixty-five pounds, and others. In the theatorium connected with the Musee there will be specialties by Admiral Dot, Ned Forbes, the juggler, knife-thrower and balancer; Robert L. Turner, the musical prodi-gy; Prof. Le Mart, and others. The Musee and theatorium have been remodeled and rearranged throughout. The admission to both is but 10 cents, and they are open all afternoon and even-ing. It is intended to make this place of amusement as attractive as possible in every way.

Gossip of the Stage. In Hoyt's new comedy, "A Brass Monkey," Charley Reed plays Jonah. Nat Goodwin has made a hit in Chicago in his own comedy, "A Royal Pleasure."

picturesque and appropriate costume, made of a Laura Burt, the handsome young actress, who is playing the title part in the Hanlons' "Fantasma" company, was formerly a resident of this

In "The Tigress" Miss Selena Fetter wears a

Frederick Bryton is hard at work with Clay Greene on his new play to be produced after

election. The piece has not as yet been definite-George A. Dickson, while in Dayton last week, re-leased the Grand Opera-house there for a term of six years, and will make a fine the-

"A Legal Wreck" having passed its fiftieth performance at the Madison-square Theater. continues its successful career. It will easily run for 100 nights.

It is said in Paris that Mrs. Langtry has signed a contract to appear at Paris during the exposition of 1889, in a play to be written for her by a French dramatist. Mrs. Langtry began her regular season at

Omaha, last week, in "As in a Looking-glass."

Her new Parisian gowns are said to be 'stunpers." as a local critic expressed it. One of the features of the production of "One of the Finest," at the Park this week, will be the scene representing East river, in which a buge

tank, covering a greater part of the stage, of real water is used. Mr. Ramsey Morris's novel, "Crucify Her," from which his play, "The Tigress," is taken,

has had a remarkable popularity, exceeding that of any recent book. Since it was first issued, three months ago, more than 10,000 copies Burt Dasher, who represents "A Tin Soldier" company, has written a musical comedy under

the title of "Flowers." Mr. Dasher has a thorough experience in theatrical matters. He was a school-mate of Laura Virgil, who has been asked to create the principal female role in the Al Hayman has signed a contract for the open ing of the new California Theater, in San Fran-

cisco, on May 13 next, with Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett as the attraction. The new theater, when completed, will have cost in the neighborhood of \$500,000, and will be one of the finest in the world. E. M. Hall, the bacjoist and comedian, who

was one of the principal fur-makers with the Gormans when they were here in the first part of this season, and who was compelled to leave the company on account of his unfortunate mental condition, has not since improved, and his condition is quite critical.

Teddy Solomon, Lillian Russell's second experiment in marriage, and who is now in London, is anxious to get an unconditional release from Lillian, in order that he may marry Kate Eversleigh, an English burlesque actress. This will be Teddy's third venture in matrimony and Miss Eversleigh's second. Is marriage a failure?

Steele Mackaye has begun work on his new comedy for Stuart Robson. It is not yet announced who will have "The Henrietta" when Robson & Crane dissolve partnership. It may revert to the author, Bronson Howard. It is considered a pretty valuable piece of property, and there will undoubtedly be plenty of bidders

The Cincionati Enquirer says of a well-known young lady of this city: "Jennie Goldthwaite has been creating quite a furor since she started out as a soubrette star. There is a fortune in Jennie for some manager with plenty of faith, hope and money. Miss Golthwaite has been playing in the smaller towns almost exclusively. but this does not alter the fact that she is one of the very brightest soubrettes that ever stepped foot on the stage. She is a beautiful gir!, too, and sings and dances in a thoroughly captivating way, and this all counts."

Condition of Methodism in Ireland.

Chicago Tribune. The Ray, J. W. Jones, of Wesley College, Dublin, Ireland, is at the Palmer. This institution is the first of the kind in connection with Methodism in Ireland, and Mr. Jones is in America for the purpose of laying the condition of the college before the American Methodiste. The institution cost \$102,975, the original debt on it having been reduced to \$30,000. Speaking of the Methodist Church in Ireland Mr. Jones said to a Tribune reporter that its members and adherents all told numbered only 50,000. They raised every year for church work and asso-

than they were then. They have expended on their college at Belfast during the last twonty-five years £86.000, and on Wesley College, Dublin, in the last ten years £20,000, or £106,000 for intermediate and higher education. The Methodist Church, according to the last census, was the only church in Ireland that increased its membership during the last decade. The Roman Catholic had decreased, owing to the great drain of emigration.

Spinsters Seeking Blood.

Paris Dispatch in London Daily Telegraph. There was a lively sensation at the Palais de Justice at Chambery a day or two ago. The public prosecutor had received a letter from a lady setting forth that as she could not obtain fair play she in ended to take the life of a magistrate. Not content, however, with indicting this terrible epistle, the lady, a few hours afterward, made her appearance in the court-yard of the Palais de Justice, brandishing a large knife which had just been charpened to a nicety. The heroine of this adventure was a Mile. Marcelline Louise Ruel, who lives with her sister, Mile. Marie Louise Ruel. The two spinsters, who are in comfortable circumstances, had had painful experience of the glorious uncertainty of the law. They had engaged in several scite, and bad lost them all. Instead, however, of supporting their ill-luck with equanimity they had developed a prodigious grudge, not only against the "geotlemen of the long robe," but against business men at large. By way of avenging themselves for the unfairness with which-as they imagined in their disappointment-they had been treated, they had for some time past caused the walls of the town to blossom at intervals with posters denouncing the iniquities of "The Devil's Own," but in her excitement Mlie. Marcelline determined on having recourse to more stringent measures, so she sallied forth, knife in hand, to slay the first lawyer who might cross her path. She was, however, promptly arrested, as well as her sister, who is regarded as an accomplice.

A Sample Chinese Newspaper Lie.

From the Hu Pao. West of Kaming City, Kwantung province, in wild, mountainous locality, lies the little village of Tak'ang Ts'uu. Outside the village is a little old temple of Vu ti, and the man in charge, who is not a shaven priest, carefully locks himself in at night; but two holes drilled in the floor afford a means of looking out and a guarantee against suffocation. One night a tiger came and crouched just outside the door for a long time, as if he knew there was a man inside. He then first put a paw in through one of the holes and clawed around, and next inserted his tail to feel for his prey with his sensitive member. The temple guardisn, maddened with fear, got a chopper and waited for the animal to renew the experiment, and then dealt a violent blow and cut the tail through. The tiger gave a roar that shook the tiles on the roof of the jose-house, and then charged at the door repeat-edly, finally knocking it off its binges and on to the man who had been trying to prop it up on the other side. The tiger charged in over the prostrate door, and not seeing the man who was hidden by it, seized one of the josses which stood on each side of the door in its jaws and galloped away, while the man bolted off to the village. The next day some grass-cutters on the mountain found the joss lying on a wild, lonely hill-side, where it had been abandoned by the tiger, and, recognizing the sacred image, brought it back to the village, and there heard the extraordinary story of its removal."

Spiders That Jump. New York Mail and Express. "Never heard of jumping spiders before? Perhaps you doubt me, then, when I say that there are such a species?" observed a well-known merchant, as he sat watching a spider weaving its silken web on the outer surface of the window pane. "Oh, yes," he continued, "they are queer little fellows, and some of them are disguised, as if for the purpose of self-protection. Nature has bestowed upon these insects a peculiar costume, and they are often found resembling an ant. These insects produce a very small quantity of silk, and are usually to be found hidden in the

cracks of the walls or in fissures of bark in the shadow of the foliage, and their homes are generally made out of a smooth and glossy tissue.
When the season of the year at which they lay
their eggs comes round the jumper shuts itself up in its shell. The eggs are always deposited in a filmy sack. Not having the faculty of building webs, the jumpers are naturally hunters, and if the weather is inclement they are obliged to fast. If a fly hovers in sight the spider ponnces upon it with lightning rapidity. It has a faculty of measuring distances so well that it rarely eyer misses its mark. But should it miss the fly no harm ensues, by reason of the fact that it has fixed a thread to its starting point. which, unrolling as it leaps, prevents its. striking the ground and affords a clew to its rendezvous, which is rapidly sought in the event of

A New Fire-Kindler.

a miscalculation."

Boston Transcript. The servant girl who pours kerosene oil on the fire seems to have disappeared pretty completely. Perhaps she has been to a considerable extent exterminated. At any rate, we don't often read of cases of explosion and conflagration, though the vigilant housekeeper, if she happens into the kitchen, may still detect an odor which tells her that the girl must have poured oil on the kindling either before or after it was ignited. But the Listener has a case which may explain why kerosene accidents are not so frequent. The servant girl has discovered a new fire quick-

It was in Boston, and not long ago, that the mistress of a house, not much given to going into the kitchen, entered one day, unexpectedly, just in time to catch her kitchen maid in the act of emptying a scoopful of granulated white sugar into the fire. Sugar is exceedingly inflammable, and its application made the fire flash up in excellent shape. The head of the house had noticed that he was called upon to pay for a great many barrels of sugar, and his wife had wondered at the family's enormous consumption of that article; but she did not wonder any more, especially as the girl, under pressure, confessed that she had regularly been using the sugar to quicken the fire. "Sure, mum," said she, "we must have the fire, an' the coal burns that slow that me heart is broke wattin' upon it?"

The Bismarck of To-Day. M. Perivier, in Le Figaro.

The Bismarck now before me was very different from the Bismarck I used to see in Berlin six or seven years ago, before Dr. Schweninger took him in hand. The Bismarck of to-day is thin and bony, and the Doctor has, it is wellknown, disencumbered him of his unhealthy fat merely by preventing him drinking with his meals. He is looking remarkably well; his gait is swift and automatic; but denotes real vigor; his complexion is clear and almost plak, no doubt the result of the health-laden breezes from the German ocean and the Baltic. that the features are I remark also softened down; you scan them in vain to discover that harshness, not to say ferocity, which are so apparent in his photographs. It may, bowever, be due to the fact of his being in civilian garb. His soft felt hat, very much the worse for wear, his long gray coat and heavy stick, give him the aspect of a plain country gentleman come to the station to meet a friend. When he dons his uniform he is another man, and looks the surly trooper all over. The country folk have repeatedly noticed this difference. The Chancellor's healthy appearance is not deceptive. All the people in whose midst he lives tell me that his health is better than it has been for years past; and a proof of this is that this year it has not been found necessary to send him to Kissingen.

The Fauna of New Zealand.

Correspondence San Francisco Ch ronicle. The kiwi is the sole remnant of the wonderful race of wingless birds which once roamed all over New Zealand, the gigantic skeletons of some of which have been found in such numbers that almost every museum in the world possesses one or more of them. The kiwi is about the size of a partridge, has a rather long neck and a curious bill about four inches in length. Its wings are quite undeveloped and its feathers have a sort of unfinished character, which may be supposed to represent nature's early efforts in that direction, before the close, rich plumage of the modern bird was "evolved." Wanting the means of flight, the kiwi has been only too rapidly exterminated, and with it also have gone, or nearly gone, all the other feathered denizens of the woods. The invasion of their haunts by the white man is not the sole cause of this. Equally potent, perhaps more so, has been the introduction of English birds. The linnet, the sparrow, the chaffinch and the thrush have driven away the more timid and delicate native birds. This is the case more or less throughout New Zesland wherever the white population has found its way.

A Thoroughbred Hunter.

Crescent City (Cal) Record. Nate Moore, sixteen years of age, while cutting brush in Chetco valley, about two weeks ago, came upon a nest of panthers. His dogs treed the old mother and the boy grabbed the three little kittens that were in the nest and | bulk of human effort is expended upon objects | tan and his guest are numerous and protracted, started for his home, some three miles distant, which he reached with his prize in safety, while the dogs seed watch over the mother. The kittens were anpposed to have been about twenty days old. They were brought to Crescent City and were sold at Smith River for \$30. The boy had no gun or other weapon except a brush conted benevolence \$250,000. During the last hook at the time, and it required more courage land of Egypt. The stream of literature, rising if they are Europeans, are made to sit at the seven years they lost by emigration to America than most men would have had to take the baby out of the dense mist that should the bases of same table with himself. The dishes placed the bases of panthers from the watchful eye of their mother. The Hindoo Koosh from the eye of history, has a upon the board are of greatesque pre-

FRATERNITY AND LITERATURE.

Response to the Toast at the Riley Dinner, by Mr. T. "Women," says George Meredith, in the Egoist, "either drag us back to primitive man or shoot us over the topmost star."

It was a woman who, being in charge of the arrangements for this evening, is responsible for my appearance on this programme.

I certainly do not feel elated to the stars, although surrounded by so many. I rather feel reduced to the condition of the primitive man, who was, I take it, a very uncouth fellow, ill at ease when called upon for toasts, generally unhappy and disappointing in brilliant society, and knowing very little about literature or fraternity, yet ready, I doubt not, to "fill a vacancy" on short notice, as I am doing in a double sense to-night.

I cannot claim the author's right to speak of literature. I can but linger on the edge of the charmed circle; that circle older than the hoary rings of Stonehenge, yet instinct with ever

freshening life. Like many others, I enjoy the works which I never hope to imitate. And yet I do not feel that a literary theme is forbidden to a non-professional pen. I remem-ber that Hutton, in his essay on Gothe, claims with emphasis the right of common men to criticise the elect. "It is a pure affectation," he says, "to pretend that, in studying true gentus, inferior capacity should always distrust its own judgments simply because they are unfavorable." Moreover, simply as a lover of literature, I am able to survey the field without prejudice, and to touch, without exceeding the limits of delicacy, the chords of praise. "Literature and Fraternity." The word is so common that we love its charm. I once knew a lady to be distressed because she could find no noun equivalent to "fraternity" in the feminine gender. How she surmounted the difficulty in her address I have forgotten. The world thus far has been made for men, by men: but there are now signs of a breaking up. I am told that it was foreordained that man should do the rough work of preparation, in order that women might enter into their kingdom as Elizabeth stepped on Raleigh's cloak to reach her barge. In the good time coming the missing word will doubtless be supplied. At present, as authors have been mostly men, they have enjoyed fraternity; and it is of fraternity, as connected with literature, that I am to

It is natural that the author should look for support from his brethren. He deals in a commodity more delicate than Sevres china; mor fragrant than the rose; more inspiriting than the choicest wine; more lasting than the pyramids. It is a product, too, whose value depends, in a peculiar degree, upon the sympathetic appreciation of others. The fires of genius must awaken an answering glow in the public heart, or they will soon consume the heart in which

A work of such delicacy needs a cultured critic; and in fault of such, the artist seeks favor and sympathy where he has most reason to presuppose their existence, viz., in his fellow-authors. They have labored with the same pangs; have met the same chill indifference; have tasted the aweets of success-shall they not yield support to him?

Again, I suspect that the man who feels the pulse of genius within him adopts, in time, perhaps unconsciously, the belief that he is set by nature above the mass, in whom this pulse has never throbbed. [Of course, I expressly ex-clude all the writers present from such an intimation. | Such natures will be drawn together for mutual aid and comfort against a common foe-the neglectful, unresponsive mass of man-

The poverty and obscurity of the average son of genius is proverbial. The annals of Grub street will soon dispel any posthumous halo of material splendor that may surround their names. Fame comes late with her golden wreath, and none has described her tardy arrival more truly or more impressively than James Whitcomb Riley.

He journeyed on thro' life, unknown, Without one friend to call his own. He tired. No kindly hand to press The cooling touch of tenderness Upon his burning brow, nor lift To his parched lips God's freest gift: No sympathetic sob or sigh Of trembling lips—no sorrowing eye Looked out thro' tears to see him die. And Fame her greenest laurels brought To crown a head that heeded not. It is pleasanter even to starve in good com-

sal tie that binds together men of one race, of one country, of one city, of one family, of one cailing, as against the world, and you have sufficient explanation of the existence of the fraternal spirit among men of letters. Are authors then always sympathetic, always kind one to another? Is literature, like theology and medicine, a realm wherein dwells nought but harmony? Has there been no Hahnemann in literature, no Calvin, no Arminius? Alas, we cannot affirm it. The literary quarrel is no less venomous than others. Keats, who fell, and

pany. Add to these bonds of union the univer-

Hugo, who rose triumphant, felt the keen edge of literary steel. The author's stab is as strong as his love or his hatred; as penetrating as his wit; as poisonous as his sarcasm. The very powers that make literary friendship so helpful are doubly strong for harm. It was an author whose diary records the eight of a troop of asses by the roadside with

the remark, "how they viewed and re-viewed us." It was an author who, when his friend, on an occasion similar to this, asked if he did not think he, the questioner, had made a finished speech, replied, "Yes, but I thought it never would be!" It was an author who bade his rival dismiss his anxiety about his literary eggs, since they were surely addled. We are told that the army of Pyrrhus was defeated in great part by their own elephants, who, routed by the Romans, charged back destructively through the Grecian ranks. The finer the weapon, the more deadly its effect, as well upon friend as foe. The Gatling gun will slay more men than the Greek elephant; and it is even more regardless of the direction of its charge. The shaft of genius, when it stoops to such an aim, will sink deeper between the armor plates than the duller weapon of the fool; and the finestrung nature, wounded, will receive more deadly hurt.

I think it was La Rochefoucauld who said that "it is easier to sympathize with the sorrows of others than to rejoice in their successes." It seems that authors, who are but men, after all, and must occasionally strike the earth with their feet, though Pegasus is bearing them aloft, are no exceptions to this rule. Shall we say that every Dr. Jekyll in literature is a potential Mr. Hydel Or shall we say more hopefully that every Mr. Hyde may become a Dr. Jekylli

Writers, then, have the fraternal spirit. It would seem that their works have it also. We seldom see a book alone. By what instinct of sympathy do they range themselves in goodly rows, and, happy in each others company, beam upon us so confidentially from their seats? Mr. Lowell says the very stones of Oxford seem happier for being there. Is it pushing the faney too far to extend it to our friendly volumes? What is more pleasing, more helpful, more instinet with a fraternal spirit than the books in a well-chosen library? Does not the passionate sympathy of the poet spire the even inert matter the book? An author once told me an amusing incident that illustrates, in a startling way, the sociability of books among themselves. A friend of his (I did not probe the disguise too deeply) had published the first edition of his maiden work. Desiring to benefit the public by a wide and rapid circulation, he carried ten of the voiumes to a book-seller, who promised his best efforts to dispose of them. At the end of a month the owner called to receive the proceeds of the sales. Together they examined the shelf; and the book-seller, who counted the volumes, found, to the surprise of both, that the number rose from one to eight, nine, ten; yes, eleven. twelve, and even to fifteen; there stood fifteen smiling volumes, glad to greet the author of their being, after this all too long a separation in their young lives! Being pressed for an explanation, my friend at first stout-ly maintained that it was a clear case of "literary progeny;" but

afterwards admitted that in all probability the extra books were either presentation copies or copies bought to compliment the author, which had been disposed of as second-hand books in the pearest shop at the first opportunity. What passion in the human heart is stronger than the desire for immortal fame on earth, as well as immortality in heaven? And is not the fraternal spirit largely involved in this desire! What man of letters would crave a lonely immortality? Did not Shakspeare look forward to a meeting with his contemporaries, may, with his great predecessors, Homer, Æschylus, Dante and the rest! Even George Eliot prayed she might join the choir invisible. If you allow me thus to connect the ideas of fraternity and immortality let me remind you how all literature exhales the thought of a future life, and how all the memories of earth cluster around the names in lit-

erature, or owe their preservation to it. What class of men has so sure a place in buman recollections as the authors? The vast of transitory interest; but the writer, in so far as he deserves the name, touches the thought of all generations. Thought alone is eternal, and literature is its vehicle of transmission. The Nile, rising in the unknown heart of Africa, gathers its waters from countless springs, and pours them in a life-giving flood through the thirsty

flowed in ever broader and deeper flood, until now it waters the whole civilized globe. It bears upon its bosom religion, law and art, and offers draughts from all the great thinkers of

the world to our thirsty souls. Writing, it is said, is the art preservative, and this is true in more than one sense. The book, indeed, preserves the author's thought; but it goes further, it often confers a shadowy immor-tality by a dedication; it perpetuates the record of the deeds of warriors and statesmen; it throws a charm about its author's name, his workshop. his career, his friends and his grave. Strike out the literary allusions in Baedeker and who would prize the book? It is the literary landmarks that endure. We cast a curious eye upon the cross-legged crusaders in the temple church, read of their stature, strength and mighty deeds, and pass wearily on; but at the grave of Gold-smith, just outside the wall, we seat ourselves and meditate. And yet the crusaders were greater men in their time than Goldsmith was in his. In the rich old hall of the middle temple we find a thousand names engraven on the walls; a dozen marble busts arranged about; but the eye is closed to them all, and we listen to eatch the lingering tones of sweet Viola, which have haunted the venerable room since the first per-formance of "Twelfth Night" was given on its

Many illustrations of the fraternal spirit in literature arise without seeking. The literary club, which existed in some form in Athens and in Rome, has flourished down to our own time, and of one in our own city our honored guest is an bonored member. The literary academy is the club on a larger

The university is a fraternity of scholars, and the line between scholarship and literature is often passed. The fairest spot in the fairest college of venerable Oxford is still known as

Addison's walk. The American Association of Writers is conspicuous to all our minds to-night, I would not embitter this happy company by the introduction of politics, yet I will venture to throw out the query whether or not in liter-ature we are troubled by a "surplus." And in view of a recent case in New York in which a parish was made to pay a heavy fine for importing a clergyman, the question may arise whether we have free trade in poets. The frequent efforts to remove the duty on works of art would hardly favor them. A poet cannot be called a work of art, as we all know that he is born, not made. The case for international copyright is well put, I think, by Mr. Lowell, who remarks that as authors are permitted to wear laurels on their brows, they ought no less to be allowed to browse upon their laurels.

If this argument, or anything else in my remarks, seems inconclusive, you will please remember that no one in his senses wants to have anything proved in an after-dinner toast, any more than on the Fourth of July. The man who calls for proof may know by that token that he is out of place. Mr. Lathrop very prettily says of Hawthorne:

"From amid a simple, practical, energetic community, remarkable for its activity in affairs of state and religion, but by no means given to dreaming, this fair flower of American genius rose up unexpectedly enough, breaking the cold New England sod for the emission of a light and fragrance as pure and pensive as that of the arbutus in our woods in spring."

May we not, by the simple substitution of "Indiana" for "New England," apply the passage to the poet whom we greet to-night? And from whom should the word of praise be more welcome than from us who know him in his daily "The style is the man," says Buffon. If this be true, what a charming man our friend must

AS IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

-His Way of Living at Home. London Letter in New York Sun.

When a diplomate leaves Spain by the Gibraltar steamer to assume his functions of minister to the empire of Morocco it takes him but a very few hours to leave behind all that he has been used to call civilization, and to find him-self transplanted to surroundings of which only the "Arabian Nights" could have given him the faintest conception. However great his surprise when he reaches the city of Tangier, which is onl' half barbaric; whatever may be his natural regrets at the expatriation which necessarily appears more complete from the severance of the hundred small links that make European nations one dish, on another two dozen fowls, surkin, and in spite of the forebodings of duliness and ennui which assail him on landing, the foreign envoy cannot fail to be interested, and to store up memories over which, for their very strangeness, he will probably linger fondly when he has returned to the conventional life of

They will derive additional charm if, during his tenure of office, be bas-as was lately the neil-been called upon to leave Tangier, where the foreigners reside, and to undertake the long inland journey, at the end of which he is admitted to pay his respects to the Sultan and to assure him personally of the good will of his government toward the ruler of Morocco. The protracted traveling through half savage provinces, the crossing of deserts and barren plains, is not begun without important prepa rations. For the time being the envoy is treated like a prince, and holds undisputed away over the numerous members of his caravan. He is accompanied by a suite of high officials, emisearnes of the Sultan, who receive and transmit his orders. He may choose either to ride, when splendid horses are provided for him, or to be carried in a palanquin, when relays of stalwart blacks are in attendance. The considerable expenses incurred are not defrayed by him, and are never stinted. The caravan consists of five hundred people, including a military escort, scouts, doctors, dragomans, servants, cooks, drivers for the baggage mules and horses, and all the paraphernalia of tents, cooking utensils, beds, weapons, rugs, etc., required by so large a party during several weeks. Wherever a halt takes place the camp is prepared for the night. The chiefs of the territories over which the caravan passes send provisions on a scale of such magnitude that it would appear impossible to consume them; half a dozen oxen, a hundred sheep, four hundred chickens, one thousand eggs, besides casks of flour, butter, and abundance of milk, are the staple commodities for twenty-four hours. Yet when the camp is struck in the morning not a vestige of these offerings remains. Larceny and unblushing corruption are the order of the night, the Grand Vizier bimself being the chief offender. He sells back to the tribes what is not disposed of, and is in turn robbed by those beneath him.

Suitan Muley Hassan has four residences in the interior where he dwells in turn, hardly ever coming to Tangier. His favorite homes are at Fez and Mequinez. The latter is as large as Paris, the palace proper covering an area of two thousand acres. The life the Emperor leads presents a singular and contrasting mixture of magnificence, luxury, and lack of what we deem not only the comforts but the decencies of existence. He has 3,500 wives, whom he places under the surveillance of about fifty matrons, who report on their conduct. They are well and kindly treated on the whole, having to wait on them a corresponding number of female attendants. When the Sultan goes from one residence to another all his wives accompany him, but when he proposes to be absent only a few days he takes with him not more than four or five hundred. Muley Hassan is a man of about forty-five; it is doubtful, how-ever, whether he himself exactly knows his age. He is very handsome, with all the calm, imposing majesty considered inherent to the Eastern race, but with more animation of festure and expression in his fine eyes than the majority of his compatriots, or at least the habitual shrewdness reveals more intelligence. He is comparatively well informed about European affaire, talking on these topics with a very fair knowledge; but he occasionally startles Europeans by questions of childlike ignorance and simplicity, such as, "How many cannons are there at Antwerp?" "How many ships on the whole seaboard?" etc. As it would irritate him to be left in doubt, the answer so promptly given is not always accurate, but he seems per-

feetly satisfied with it. When the foreign minister is within a certain distance of Mequienez he is met by a troop of 50,000 men on horseback, superbly accounted, and shortly afterward the Sultan himself, with a dazzling suite, rides forth to meet him at the gates of the city. He remains on horseback, but the envoy alights, and the first short formal ceremony of introduction takes place, after which the Emperor retires and the diplomate with his suite is conducted to the palace set apart for him and his escort-the only dwelling in the city furnished in European fashion.

The Grand Vizier is still commissioned to minister to his wants, and pays him frequent visite, never omitting to admire trifling personal objects that may be lying about with such persist-ency that no alternative is left but to beg his acceptance of them. As he expects the offer and would be very much put out if it was not made, the only way of securing one's property is to put it out of sight before his arrival. It must, however, be added that he is easily satisfied; an old opera-glass, a sixpenny frame, an ancient almanac, a match-box, being equal prizes in his greedy estimation.

At Mequinez the interviews between the Sulalways, of course, carried on through the interpreters. The Sultan is seated cross-legged on a heap of superb rugs and furs, the envoy accommodated before him with a small arm-chair, the suites remaining motionless and standing. Dinners are given in honor of the stranger at his own residence; his servants and retainers.

AMUSEMENTS.

ALL THIS WEEK

AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

MR. EDWARD J. HASSAN'S

MONSTER SCENIC PRODUCTION

OF THE GREAT COMEDY-DRAMA,



Special Scenery Throughout and Marvelous effects, including the GREAT NORTH RIVER SCENE, JERSEY CITY BY MOON-LIGHT, the BARTHOLDI STATUE. New Specialties and Features.

Regular Prices-10.20.30c. Matinees-10 and 20c.

THE EDEN MUSEE NEW

Muley Hassan and His Land and People GRAND OPENING OF THE SEASON THIS WEEK ADMIRAL DOT, Barnum's Little Man;

M'LLE FATIMA, the Circassian Princess;

NORA WREN, the Lilliputian Queen. A Great Stage Show in the Theatorum.

PROF. ANGELO, the Bird Man;

OPEN AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

ADMISSION ONLY 10c.

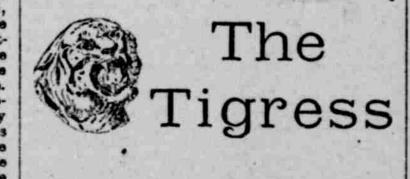
rounded by smaller birds, and the size of each dish does not preclude a great variety. The viands in themselves are not bad, but they are dressed in a peculiar way, according to national culinary receipts, in which cinnamon predomi-nates. At every visit which the minister pays to the pashas and high functionaries, coffee is served. The beverage, in every instance, is prepared by a black in a cup, out of which it is drunk, and he makes no mystery of tasting it repeatedly to be sure that it is compounded perfectly. Etiquette requires that three cups should be taken; the first is sweetened to the consistency of syrup, the second is flavored with peppermint, the last with verbens. At no meal is wine served; the natives, of whatever rank, never sit at table with the Christians, but squat on the floor, tearing the meat with their flugers, as the Koran forbids the use of knife and fork. They are possessed of extraordinary dexterity in their manipulation, disjointing huge carcasses and boning fowls with the greatest ease. The Sultan is, or affects to be, a great observer of the Mussulman tenets, and in obedience to one of the religious laws, does not wear a single order or

decoration. The women of Mequinez are allowed to walk out of the precincts of the barem on one day of the week, Friday. Their favorite resort is the top of the walls surrounding the gardens, which are so wide that several carriages could move abreast. From that point of vantage they do not scruple to cast fascinating and eloquent glances on the "Christian dogs" whom curiosity has attracted, and who are not remiss in conveying to them their mute and forbidden

admiration. The Sultan is not rich in so far that he has neither civil list nor private fortune; but this is absolutely immaterial, as he is privileged to appropriate whatever he chooses-money, houses. land, cattle, horses, jewels, weapons and women. As soon as any of these find favor in his eves he merely sends a message to the owner to the effect that henceforth they are his, and no one ever disputes his sovereign right to do so. He is neither cruel nor voluptuous, and seems unconscious of the cupidity, rapaclowers, while he sincerely wishes to have certain improvements introduced into his dominions. He is, for instance, anxious to establish railways, and it is a matter of moment and rivalry to European nations to obtain the contract for them. Belgium has sent him as a present a complete train, engine, tender and two carriages, with the necessary rails for a track of a few miles. The necessary engineers, stokers and drivers accompany the train and work it. Muley Hassan is delighted with the gift and never weary of the short journey.

GRAND--SPECIAL.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Oct. 25, 26, 27. Three nights. Matluee Saturday.



MR. DICKSON takes pleasure in announcing, with Mr. Charles MacGeachy, the initial presentation, in this city, of Mr. Ramsay Morris's brilliant new play. The Tigress," which was so successfully produced for the first time on any stage, at Macauley's Theater, Louisville, last Monday evening, by the sterling Morris-Fetter Company, including

MISS SELENA FETTER

And the Author, MR. RAMSAY MORRIS.

The play, as may be well known, is Mr. Morris's dramatization of his remarkable novel, entitled, "Crucify Her," which has had a large sale in this city, as elsewhere, since early in the past summer. How gratifying was the recent production of this piece at Louisville, Mr. Dickson begs leave to quote the following accepted critics there: Courier-Journal: It is bold and eventful in plot, swift in action and intensely dramatic in its situations.

Commercial: A strong play well produced, splendidly costumed handsomely set and sure of a deserved success. Post: That it possesses undoubted merit and dra-

matic force must at once be recognized. matic force must at once be recognized.

Times: Miss Fetter has placed herself at once with a firm footing upon the high plane of success. Mr. Morris's acting is polished and intelligent, and met with a ready recognition.

The "Tigress" will be presented here, as above, with the same metropolitan cast, superb costumes and elegant appointments that notably characterized the Louisville production.

Sale of seats BEGINS TUESDAY MORNING.

Notwithstanding the importance of the attraction there will be no advance in the regular prices of the

FURNITURE, CARPETS, STOVES.

PAYMENTS or CASH,

101 East Washington St.

RAILWAY TIME-TABLES.

DENNSYLVANIA LINES-THE DIRECT AND Trains leave and arrive at Indianapolis as follows: PANHANDLE BOUTE-EAST. Leave for Ptabrg & N.Y..... 4:30am 2:55pm 5:10pm Richmond and Columbus... 9:00am 4:00pm Arrive from N.Y. & Pitsbg li:40am 7:50pm 10:20pm Columb's, Richm'd, etc. 9:40am 5:50pm Sicopers to Pittsburg and New York without change.

Leave for Chicago and Northwest 11:15am 11:00pm Arrive from Chicago and Northwest. 4:00am J., M. & I. R. R. -SOUTH.

Leave for Louisville Arrive from Louisville and the South 10.45am 11:10am 7:45pm 10:50pm

Vincennes Accommodation, Arrive Cairo Express, Arrive..... TANDALIA LINE_SHORTEST ROUTE TO ST. LOUIS AND THE WEST. Frains arrive and leave indianapolis as follows:

Leave for St. Louis 7:30am 11:55am 11:00pm 8:00pm Greencastle and Terre Haute Accm 4:00pm Arrive from St. L. 3:45am 4:15am 2:50pm 5:00pm Terre Haute and Greencastle Accm 10:00am Sieeping. Parlor and recling-chair cars are run on through trains. For rates and information apply to ticket agents of the company or H. R. DERING, Assistant General Passenger Agent. THE SHORT LINE

The only line with solid trains to Bloomington and Peoria, with through oars to principal Missouri river points, in several hours less time than any other line. Also, through Slooping and Reclining-chair Cars via Danville to Chicago, making as quick time, at lower rates, than any other line. The authorized differential route East, with quick time and through tickets to principal Eastern cities, as considerably less than regular rates.

Trains at Indianapolis Union Depot

Leave, going East..*4:10 am 11:00 am *9:00 pm

Leave, going West..*7:30 am 3:30 pm *11:00 pm

Arrive, from East..*7:00 am 3:15 pm *10:80 pm

Arrive, from West..*3:50 am 10:40 am *8:40 pm Daily. All trains have the finest of Buffet Sleeping and Reclining-chair Cars. For tickets and full-information apply at 138 South Illinois st., the Union Depot, Indianapolis, or to any agent on the line.

Look in local column for special notices of excursions, reduced rates, etc.



EXCURSIONS Via C., H. & D. Thursday, Oct. 25, Democratic Day. Saturday Oct. 27, last day. Round trip, both days, \$2.00 good returning two days. C., H. & D. Ticket Office—Corner Illinois street and

Kantucky avenue. 3:55 a.m. (daily), 10:50 a.m., 3:50 p.m., 6:25 p.m. Trains arrive at Indianapolis: 8:30 a.m., 11:40 a.m., 4:55 p.m., 10:55 p.m. (dailyd Only line with night train to Toledo and Detroit. W. H. FISHER, Gen'l Ag'tC., H. & L.



Chicago, returning the same day. Leave Indianapoli 7:10 a. m. daily; returning, seave Chicago 11:40 p.
m. daily, arriving Indianapolis 8:10 a. m.
Other trains leave as follows:
12:01 noon (except Sunday), arrive at Chicago at

11:15 p. m. (daily), arrive at Chicago at 7 25 a. m. 6:00 p. m. (daily), Monon Accommodation.
Pullman Sleeping and Chair Care on all through